

Western Reserve Chronicle

PUBLISHED BY HAYGOOD & ADAMS, PRINTERS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A Weekly Family Journal, Devoted to Freedom, Agriculture, Literature, Education, Local Intelligence, and the News of the Day.
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 39, NO. 39. WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MAY 16, 1855. WHOLE NO. 2015.

Poetry.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

Who'll tread the streets with eager haste
One hundred years from now?
And summer's smiling phantoms chase
With care-worn, anxious brow?
To give a name
For wealth or fame—
Ambition's goal,
Or honor's scroll—
Who'll be that will be bound through
Fading with happy steps along
One hundred years from now?
Where, oh! where will be the man,
One hundred years from now,
Who the virtuous poor condemn
With purple-groined haughty brow?
Who give the miser's tear,
Who bid the orphan's grief,
Who bid the widow's wail,
One hundred years from now?
Who'll gaze on courts as judges grave,
One hundred years from now,
Who'll see the law, and across the arena,
Whose wealth and influence bow?
When tribes of gold,
And crime and sorrow,
And justice sleep,
And mercy weep?
Who will be those judges grave,
And tribes and sorrow sleep,
And justice sleep,
And mercy weep?
Who'll guide our rights of land and sea,
One hundred years from now,
Who'll be the banner of the free,
And dare confront a foe?
Who'll be those judges grave,
One hundred years from now,
Who'll be the banner of the free,
And dare confront a foe?
Who'll be those judges grave,
One hundred years from now,
Who'll be the banner of the free,
And dare confront a foe?
Who'll be those judges grave,
One hundred years from now,
Who'll be the banner of the free,
And dare confront a foe?

most lovely of sloping hill sides such as we got glimpses of below Brookville, on the St. Lawrence, or at Newburg and above, on the Hudson, or, what is equally lovely, almost any mile on the Ohio, from Wheeling to Cairo.

Nettie was much taken with the little cabins of the Vignerons, and declared, as she had only seen high life in London, she would take a peep into the little life of the lessons of Herr Schmidt, of the Seminary.

There were a dozen of these cottages, at the foot of the hill, the sides of which were all covered with grape vines, belonging to Baron D—, where most of the men and women were busy, with clumsy hoes, working in the mellow soil, with strips of matting, tying up the truant vines.

Our walk had made us thirsty, and we stopped at the door of the first cottage, and asked for coarser. The good Frau had a sickly looking babe in her arms, which she was going to deposit upon a blanket, on the earth floor of the hut, while she brought the water, when Nettie held out her hands and said, "Gib das mir." The pale woman smiled, as she laid the baby in Nettie's lap, who had by this time seated herself on a stool inside the door-way. Then the woman hastened to supply us from a spring which bubbled up just back of the hamlet, which she did with so much good will, that we felt, though we had been born so far apart, yet we were already friends—so mysterious is the unseen bond which unites in one, all who feel the paternity of one God, and the sympathy of a universal brotherhood.

Already we were not only friends but confidants; for when the good Frau learned that we were Americans, she told us her brother was in America, and that he had spoken so favorably of the country, in his letters, that several families were only waiting the means to go, and try their fortunes, where he told them they could soon earn a house and land of their own, and be their own master, instead of paying such high rent, and always living on the lands of the rich, and being obliged to do their bidding. She said her husband's name was Gottfried Schiller; she feared it would almost break his heart to leave his native soil, since he had always lived on that same domain; but it was only for the sake of the children, of which they had eight, and they did not know what would become of them, with such a poor prospect before them, if their parents should be taken suddenly away, before they grew up to be able to take care of themselves.

Then Gottfried came in from his vineyard, and we were soon on as good terms with him as with his friendly spouse. He asked a great many questions about America, and how a poor man could get along there, and if the snakes would bite the children, if they changed to go out of doors, and if the wild men would come from the woods, while the men were away at their work, and kill the women, and carry off the children to roast for a feast!

Nettie and Kate were so much amused, by the old man's fears, that they both fairly shouted, and clapped their hands, and how a poor man could get along there, and if the snakes would bite the children, if they changed to go out of doors, and if the wild men would come from the woods, while the men were away at their work, and kill the women, and carry off the children to roast for a feast!

Nettie was much taken with the little cabins of the Vignerons, and declared, as she had only seen high life in London, she would take a peep into the little life of the lessons of Herr Schmidt, of the Seminary.

to the bow, where some sheep fancier had a group of fine Merinos, from Vermont, which he was taking West. But I could not dismiss the picture of the children over the grating; the night was dark as pitch, and the lurid glare from the furnaces of those bare-headed, bare-legged urchins, made them to look like progeny of the infernal gods. I stopped again close beside them, and they looked into my face. "Poor wanderers," said I to myself. "You have had a long journey from Father-land, and this is the last night of your travel. God grant you a happy to-morrow."

Near this group, in a nook formed by the state-room and Steward's office, sat upon a heavy chest, a young man and woman, evidently much pleased with each others conversation. I did not like to seem rude, but stole a dozen glances at them. Their bronzed faces had not so much of the stolid look as those of their companions.

Sometimes others of the company would join them for a few moments, but those two seemed mutually select, and any accession was only temporary. I went to my cabin and lay down, but somehow I could not sleep. Not that I cared for storm, though the wind yelled among the braces and cordage. I knew the Mississippi and Captain Hazard were both all right, and both to be trusted. It could not be on account of the fifty emigrant Germans in the steerage, whom I should never see again; but I could not sleep, and after tossing for an hour, detected myself making for the steerage, with a kind of feverish impression of those poor tired faces.

The wind still freshening and meeting us full on the starboard quarter, every "tenth wave" sent a column of water as high as the pilot-house, and the whole forward deck was constantly drenched, and the man with the fancy sheep was becoming anxious.

But I must confess my errand was to look after the emigrant babies. There they were, bless their fat legs! all fast asleep.

Then it occurred to me I had at no time seen any one whom I took to be their mother.

Here was a stout, middle aged man with one of the little ones in his arms, both asleep; and here a half-grown girl with another, the smallest, asleep upon her bosom; there two pairs formed the outside, and between them lay the rest of the group on some old bedding, and all sleeping as quietly as though they were on dry land upon beds of down, instead of that boat's deck in such a gale.

"Poor tired ones," I mused again. "You have no doubt weathered far heavier storms while on your voyage to the New World, and have learned to rest, though not on roses. I looked for my select group—what a lovely sight! They were sitting with their backs to the wall, the girl had leaned her head upon her companion's bosom, and both were sleeping as quietly and innocently as though Madame Propriety had never made rules to govern such cases.

The Steamer's bow played boo-boo at the white-crested swells at a frantic rate. Now pointing up, like the nursery picture of the cow that jumped over the moon, and now pointing his nose full at a wave like a portentous bull going to battle. But the wind howled still louder and the waves dashed still higher. All the hatches were closed, but the water invaded the deck and came pouring along by the sleepers. This occurrence broke up my nest of sleeping babies, and as the old man rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked up at me I fancied his face familiar, and as he called out "Wilhelm!" the whole riddle was solved, and those were "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

Wilhelm aroused his sleepy lady love, and came forward to assist in getting the little ones to a place of safety, closely followed by his companion.

"Madeline, as I live!" said I.

"Aha!" said the old man, "Sind Sie Herr Harris?"

But we had short time for introductions, and hastened to get the drenched babies upon some piles of baggage, out of the reach of the spray.

"Where is Frau Kathrine?" I asked. The old man shook his head sorrowfully, and kissing the child he held to his bosom, while he let fall a tear upon its face, only said,

"She is dead—we have left her in the sea!"

And that was the very baby that Nettie held in the cabin, two years before, away upon the Rhine; and now the daughter Mathilde, was all the mother her poor little sisters had, and she it was I saw sleeping with the babe, not a year old, upon her bosom, an hour before.

The good Frau Kathrine had set out with the rest, feeble in body, but full of hope; but as they were too poor to pay for more than a steerage passage, where

but few comforts could be had, she sickened under the privation and care of her dear babies, and a week before the ship reached the quarantine ground, she died, leaving her infant babe in the arms of her daughter Mathilde, who promised her dying parent to be a mother to the little orphans, in a strange land.

Just at the peep of day, I had finished my slumbers, and turned for out observation. The wind had scarcely abated a jot; the spray flew high above the pilot-house; the sheep-man declared his Merinos would die in such a constant drenching; but the babies of my good Schiller were waking up, as if nothing had happened, and perched upon stacks of bales and boxes, soon after taking their coarse breakfast with a better relish than the passengers in the cabin.

So God gives his poor a capacity for enjoyment, suited to their condition.

We should have been in Cleveland at 7 o'clock that morning, but by the force of the wind, we were kept back till after 1 P. M.

Captain Hazard was not sure he could go in that port at all; but before we got up to the city, the wind hauled a little to the south, and by a skillful manoeuvre, he laid his boat alongside the pier. Then there was a glad hurrying to get on the solid land; the big iron-bound chests of the emigrants were piled upon the dock, and the women and children came out and shook themselves, like uncaged ducklings after a shower.

By this delay, I had lost the early train for Columbus, and so had to wait until evening. I went up town, to shake hands with the editor of the Ohio Farmer, and to telegraph to my expectant family, that I would be in next morning; at which time I tapped at my wife's window, before daylight, and thanked God to find all my dear ones well.

Last autumn, I took a ride along the Little Miami Railroad, and stopping at —, a porter asked me if I had any baggage for the "Eagle Hotel?" There was something about the man that made me think I had seen him before; but while I was going off the platform, he took me by the hand, saying, in lame English,

"Are you Mr. H.?"

"So, so, Gottfried," said I, "do you live here?"

"Yes, and so does Mathilde, and the rest of us, and Wilhelm and Madeline."

And sure enough, at the switch box I found Wilhelm, with his eye on the train, ready to set the switch. So I asked where he kept Madeline, and he pointed to a little cabin on the edge of the town. Of course, I must see Madeline, and after getting dinner, walked over to the cabin. There sat my Rhineland belle, awkwardly stitching at some brief garment, and upon a bed in the corner, lay the claimant to her labors, in the shape of another little Schiller!

"I see how it is," said I, "you took my advice, did you, and saved the fifty thalers?"

"Ah, yes," said she, blushing, "and we are just as well married, too, for a couple of thalers, and that is better than to wait half a year longer in Germany to earn the money; and by next year we will save money enough to buy us this little house and lot, and then we shall be so happy."

"You are right, Madeline; Wilhelm was a trusty boy, and you will make him a good wife, I know."

Such is a brief chapter, in three sections, of how Old Germany becomes Young America; and now, dear readers, for the third and last time, we will take leave of our Pilgrims of the Rhine.

For the Farmer.

369,699 FARMERS.

What an army! more than most of the nations of the world can raise for the defense of their rights; and yet the census for 1850, shows that Ohio, which is scarcely known in Europe to have an existence, has that number employed in the peaceful, and humanizing business, of cultivating the soil. They have beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and we trust they will have to learn the art of war no more.

How much more noble is the sight of this army of husbandmen, following the plow, and turning up the treasures of the earth, than to see them with plume and banner marching to bloodshed and slaughter! At each discharge of artillery, and each busting of a bomb, how many orphans sent forth fatherless and uncared for, to become the victims of want, and penury, and crime! But the rattling drum drowns the groans of the murdered father; the cries of the suffering orphans, too, often fall unheeded on the ear of a cold and heartless world.

But this army of farmers, send forth joy, and peace, and plenty. Before them is the dense, and savage forest—behind them are smiling fields, and waving grain, and lowing herds. Before them is the plowing beast, or savage wigwag—behind them is science, and religion, the school house, and the house of God.

If the man who produces a spear of grass, where none before, is a benefactor to his race, what shall we call the army of 369,699 farmers of Ohio.

But numbers are not all that is required to constitute an army, and render it efficient; there must be tactics, military skill, and discipline. Without these numbers can avail but little. The 20,000 undisciplined Mexicans, under the generals their country has ever produced, were routed by one fourth their number of disciplined Yankees. Soin warning on the impediments that makes man eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, he must be disciplined in the art of peaceful war; he must be schooled in tactics of agriculture; he should not attack the strong fortress of the earth, and summon her to surrender her possessions of fertility, until he can bring to his aid, the tactics taught in the school of science, and experience. To aid the strong arm, and active limbs, the enquiring mind and disciplined reason should be added. He should not only be able to say, I cultivate my land, but also to say, I cultivate scientifically. I adapt my crop to the nature of the soil; if the soil is not suitable for it, I can, by fertilizers, and neutralizers, render it suitable, if too wet, I know I must drain it; if too sour, I must lime it, if the surface is exhausted, I must plow in a crop of clover, or buckwheat in blossom, or peas in the green pod.

When this army of Ohio farmers is thus drilled in the tactics of agriculture, we shall see our State bloom as the garden of Eden, and peace, and plenty prevail throughout our borders.—Ohio Farmer.

FLOW DEEP, SOW CORN, &c.

In a private letter just received, from our excellent friend William H. Ladd, he says: "Keep it before the farmers, that they must plow deep. I make it a rule to plow as deep as my plow and the motive power will admit of."

THE PROOF OF ITS EFFICACY.

In plowing a field upon a hill side, for corn, last spring, the shape of the piece of ground is such, that going round the lower side, the horse were walking a little down hill, and we run the plow full eleven inches deep.

The upper side, where the furrow slice had to be turned from the mould board, up hill, we could not, with the force we had, go more than seven or eight inches deep. The soil is pretty even in quality, though we have always considered the upper part of the field rather the best, yet with the same culture, last summer, except the difference in depth of plowing, the lower part produced more than double as much corn per acre.

Late in the 8th month, we sowed the piece in question, all in rye, the same day; the lower part is well set in rye, while only an occasionally plant appears on the upper part, and we are about to plow it up, and sow oats upon it.

SOW CORN.

The grass roots being much killed by the drought of the past season, the next hay crop must necessarily be light, and I hope that will urge the farmers, particularly, to sow corn bountifully for fodder, and so supply the deficiency.—Ohio Farmer.

Some persons take more pains in looking for pins than they would for stars.

Choice Miscellany.

[From the Ohio Farmer.]

Old Germany and Young America.

OR THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

BY COL. E. D. HARRIS.

The thunders of Monterey, and San Juan and Chapultepec, were hushed to silence, and our poor fellows had returned from the victorious fields of Mexico, damaged in habits, and damaged in health, to demonstrate how hollow is all the glory of war. I cast away helmet, and gold-laced garments, and hung my useless blade in a dark closet, while my leathern gaiters were introduced to the heels of the winter woodman's axe, and my spurs used only to teach good carriage to a refractory roadster. The war-spirit was sated, and men turned their thoughts again to the excellence of peace.

In the spring of 1851, the great cynosure of all eyes, was the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; and a good many of the American people, being dazzled with the promise of such a bright star, turned their faces eastward, for the first time in their lives, and determined to go on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Royalty, to read this new riddle of conservative progression.

Our little party had seen all the wonders of the Crystal Palace, and many other of the lions about London and Windsor, and we determined upon a trip up the Rhine, to see how that would compare with the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, or our own beautiful Ohio; which we had so often admired in the beauty of Spring, and the glory of Autumn, as we floated between a double panorama of magnificence and grandeur on either bank; and where the seats were all free—save and except the steamboat fare—not to editors only, but to every soul on board, who had an eye to see how much the living world is more glorious than any picture which can be put on canvas.

We had proceeded up the Rhine only as far as Coblenz, and concluded to stop a few days and ruralize, till the steamer came down from Mayence, to take us on its return passage.

Nettie and Kate, wanted to visit the vineyards back from the river, so I set out one morning, and after clambering over the rocky steps, upon which stands the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, we strayed back for a few miles among the

most lovely of sloping hill sides such as we got glimpses of below Brookville, on the St. Lawrence, or at Newburg and above, on the Hudson, or, what is equally lovely, almost any mile on the Ohio, from Wheeling to Cairo.

Nettie was much taken with the little cabins of the Vignerons, and declared, as she had only seen high life in London, she would take a peep into the little life of the lessons of Herr Schmidt, of the Seminary.

There were a dozen of these cottages, at the foot of the hill, the sides of which were all covered with grape vines, belonging to Baron D—, where most of the men and women were busy, with clumsy hoes, working in the mellow soil, with strips of matting, tying up the truant vines.

Our walk had made us thirsty, and we stopped at the door of the first cottage, and asked for coarser. The good Frau had a sickly looking babe in her arms, which she was going to deposit upon a blanket, on the earth floor of the hut, while she brought the water, when Nettie held out her hands and said, "Gib das mir." The pale woman smiled, as she laid the baby in Nettie's lap, who had by this time seated herself on a stool inside the door-way. Then the woman hastened to supply us from a spring which bubbled up just back of the hamlet, which she did with so much good will, that we felt, though we had been born so far apart, yet we were already friends—so mysterious is the unseen bond which unites in one, all who feel the paternity of one God, and the sympathy of a universal brotherhood.

Already we were not only friends but confidants; for when the good Frau learned that we were Americans, she told us her brother was in America, and that he had spoken so favorably of the country, in his letters, that several families were only waiting the means to go, and try their fortunes, where he told them they could soon earn a house and land of their own, and be their own master, instead of paying such high rent, and always living on the lands of the rich, and being obliged to do their bidding. She said her husband's name was Gottfried Schiller; she feared it would almost break his heart to leave his native soil, since he had always lived on that same domain; but it was only for the sake of the children, of which they had eight, and they did not know what would become of them, with such a poor prospect before them, if their parents should be taken suddenly away, before they grew up to be able to take care of themselves.

Then Gottfried came in from his vineyard, and we were soon on as good terms with him as with his friendly spouse. He asked a great many questions about America, and how a poor man could get along there, and if the snakes would bite the children, if they changed to go out of doors, and if the wild men would come from the woods, while the men were away at their work, and kill the women, and carry off the children to roast for a feast!

Nettie and Kate were so much amused, by the old man's fears, that they both fairly shouted, and clapped their hands, and how a poor man could get along there, and if the snakes would bite the children, if they changed to go out of doors, and if the wild men would come from the woods, while the men were away at their work, and kill the women, and carry off the children to roast for a feast!

Nettie was much taken with the little cabins of the Vignerons, and declared, as she had only seen high life in London, she would take a peep into the little life of the lessons of Herr Schmidt, of the Seminary.

to the bow, where some sheep fancier had a group of fine Merinos, from Vermont, which he was taking West. But I could not dismiss the picture of the children over the grating; the night was dark as pitch, and the lurid glare from the furnaces of those bare-headed, bare-legged urchins, made them to look like progeny of the infernal gods. I stopped again close beside them, and they looked into my face. "Poor wanderers," said I to myself. "You have had a long journey from Father-land, and this is the last night of your travel. God grant you a happy to-morrow."

Near this group, in a nook formed by the state-room and Steward's office, sat upon a heavy chest, a young man and woman, evidently much pleased with each others conversation. I did not like to seem rude, but stole a dozen glances at them. Their bronzed faces had not so much of the stolid look as those of their companions.

Sometimes others of the company would join them for a few moments, but those two seemed mutually select, and any accession was only temporary. I went to my cabin and lay down, but somehow I could not sleep. Not that I cared for storm, though the wind yelled among the braces and cordage. I knew the Mississippi and Captain Hazard were both all right, and both to be trusted. It could not be on account of the fifty emigrant Germans in the steerage, whom I should never see again; but I could not sleep, and after tossing for an hour, detected myself making for the steerage, with a kind of feverish impression of those poor tired faces.

The wind still freshening and meeting us full on the starboard quarter, every "tenth wave" sent a column of water as high as the pilot-house, and the whole forward deck was constantly drenched, and the man with the fancy sheep was becoming anxious.

But I must confess my errand was to look after the emigrant babies. There they were, bless their fat legs! all fast asleep.

Then it occurred to me I had at no time seen any one whom I took to be their mother.

Here was a stout, middle aged man with one of the little ones in his arms, both asleep; and here a half-grown girl with another, the smallest, asleep upon her bosom; there two pairs formed the outside, and between them lay the rest of the group on some old bedding, and all sleeping as quietly as though they were on dry land upon beds of down, instead of that boat's deck in such a gale.

"Poor tired ones," I mused again. "You have no doubt weathered far heavier storms while on your voyage to the New World, and have learned to rest, though not on roses. I looked for my select group—what a lovely sight! They were sitting with their backs to the wall, the girl had leaned her head upon her companion's bosom, and both were sleeping as quietly and innocently as though Madame Propriety had never made rules to govern such cases.

The Steamer's bow played boo-boo at the white-crested swells at a frantic rate. Now pointing up, like the nursery picture of the cow that jumped over the moon, and now pointing his nose full at a wave like a portentous bull going to battle. But the wind howled still louder and the waves dashed still higher. All the hatches were closed, but the water invaded the deck and came pouring along by the sleepers. This occurrence broke up my nest of sleeping babies, and as the old man rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looked up at me I fancied his face familiar, and as he called out "Wilhelm!" the whole riddle was solved, and those were "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

Wilhelm aroused his sleepy lady love, and came forward to assist in getting the little ones to a place of safety, closely followed by his companion.

"Madeline, as I live!" said I.

"Aha!" said the old man, "Sind Sie Herr Harris?"

But we had short time for introductions, and hastened to get the drenched babies upon some piles of baggage, out of the reach of the spray.

"Where is Frau Kathrine?" I asked. The old man shook his head sorrowfully, and kissing the child he held to his bosom, while he let fall a tear upon its face, only said,

"She is dead—we have left her in the sea!"

And that was the very baby that Nettie held in the cabin, two years before, away upon the Rhine; and now the daughter Mathilde, was all the mother her poor little sisters had, and she it was I saw sleeping with the babe, not a year old, upon her bosom, an hour before.

The good Frau Kathrine had set out with the rest, feeble in body, but full of hope; but as they were too poor to pay for more than a steerage passage, where

but few comforts could be had, she sickened under the privation and care of her dear babies, and a week before the ship reached the quarantine ground, she died, leaving her infant babe in the arms of her daughter Mathilde, who promised her dying parent to be a mother to the little orphans, in a strange land.

Just at the peep of day, I had finished my slumbers, and turned for out observation. The wind had scarcely abated a jot; the spray flew high above the pilot-house; the sheep-man declared his Merinos would die in such a constant drenching; but the babies of my good Schiller were waking up, as if nothing had happened, and perched upon stacks of bales and boxes, soon after taking their coarse breakfast with a better relish than the passengers in the cabin.

So God gives his poor a capacity for enjoyment, suited to their condition.

We should have been in Cleveland at 7 o'clock that morning, but by the force of the wind, we were kept back till after 1 P. M.

Captain Hazard was not sure he could go in that port at all; but before we got up to the city, the wind hauled a little to the south, and by a skillful manoeuvre, he laid his boat alongside the pier. Then there was a glad hurrying to get on the solid land; the big iron-bound chests of the emigrants were piled upon the dock, and the women and children came out and shook themselves, like uncaged ducklings after a shower.

By this delay, I had lost the early train for Columbus, and so had to wait until evening. I went up town, to shake hands with the editor of the Ohio Farmer, and to telegraph to my expectant family, that I would be in next morning; at which time I tapped at my wife's window, before daylight, and thanked God to find all my dear ones well.

Last autumn, I took a ride along the Little Miami Railroad, and stopping at —, a porter asked me if I had any baggage for the "Eagle Hotel?" There was something about the man that made me think I had seen him before; but while I was going off the platform, he took me by the hand, saying, in lame English,

"Are you Mr. H.?"

"So, so, Gottfried," said I, "do you live here?"

"Yes, and so does Mathilde, and the rest of us, and Wilhelm and Madeline."

And sure enough, at the switch box I found Wilhelm, with his eye on the train, ready to set the switch. So I asked where he kept Madeline, and he pointed to a little cabin on the edge of the town. Of course, I must see Madeline, and after getting dinner, walked over to the cabin. There sat my Rhineland belle, awkwardly stitching at some brief garment, and upon a bed in the corner, lay the claimant to her labors, in the shape of another little Schiller!

"I see how it is," said I, "you took my advice, did you, and saved the fifty thalers?"

"Ah, yes," said she, blushing, "and we are just as well married, too, for a couple of thalers, and that is better than to wait half a year longer in Germany to earn the money; and by next year we will save money enough to buy us this little house and lot, and then we shall be so happy."

"You are right, Madeline; Wilhelm was a trusty boy, and you will make him a good wife, I know."

Such is a brief chapter, in three sections, of how Old Germany becomes Young America; and now, dear readers, for the third and last time, we will take leave of our Pilgrims of the Rhine.

For the Farmer.

369,699 FARMERS.

What an army! more than most of the nations of the world can raise for the defense of their rights; and yet the census for 1850, shows that Ohio, which is scarcely known in Europe to have an existence, has that number employed in the peaceful, and humanizing business, of cultivating the soil. They have beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and we trust they will have to learn the art of war no more.

How much more noble is the sight of this army of husbandmen, following the plow, and turning up the treasures of the earth, than to see them with plume and banner marching to bloodshed and slaughter! At each discharge of artillery, and each busting of a bomb, how many orphans sent forth fatherless and uncared for, to become the victims of want, and penury, and crime! But the rattling drum drowns the groans of the murdered father; the cries of the suffering orphans, too, often fall unheeded on the ear of a cold and heartless world.

But this army of farmers, send forth joy, and peace, and plenty. Before them is the dense, and savage forest—behind them are smiling fields, and waving grain, and lowing herds. Before them is the plowing beast, or savage wigwag—behind them is science, and religion, the school house, and the house of God.

If the man who produces a spear of grass, where none before, is a benefactor to his race, what shall we call the army of 369,699 farmers of Ohio.

But numbers are not all that is required to constitute an army, and render it efficient; there must be tactics, military skill, and discipline. Without these numbers can avail but little. The 20,000 undisciplined Mexicans, under the generals their country has ever produced, were routed by one fourth their number of disciplined Yankees. Soin warning on the impediments that makes man eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, he must be disciplined in the art of peaceful war; he must be schooled in tactics of agriculture; he should not attack the strong fortress of the earth, and summon her to surrender her possessions of fertility, until he can bring to his aid, the tactics taught in the school of science, and experience. To aid the strong arm, and active limbs, the enquiring mind and disciplined reason should be added. He should not only be able to say, I cultivate my land, but also to say, I cultivate scientifically. I adapt my crop to the nature of the soil; if the soil is not suitable for it, I can, by fertilizers, and neutralizers, render it suitable, if too wet, I know I must drain it; if too sour, I must lime it, if the surface is exhausted, I must plow in a crop of clover, or buckwheat in blossom, or peas in the green pod.

When this army of Ohio farmers is thus drilled in the tactics of agriculture, we shall see our State bloom as the garden of Eden, and peace, and plenty prevail throughout our borders.—Ohio Farmer.

FLOW DEEP, SOW CORN, &c.

In a private letter just received, from our excellent friend William H. Ladd, he says: "Keep it before the farmers, that they must plow deep. I make it a rule to plow as deep as my plow and the motive power will admit of."

THE PROOF OF ITS EFFICACY.

In plowing a field upon a hill side, for corn, last spring, the shape of the piece of ground is such, that going round the lower side, the horse were walking a little down hill, and we run the plow full eleven inches deep.

The upper side, where the furrow slice had to be turned from the mould board, up hill, we could not, with the force we had, go more than seven or eight inches deep. The soil is pretty even in quality, though we have always considered the upper part of the field rather the best, yet with the same culture, last summer, except the difference in depth of plowing, the lower part produced more than double as much corn per acre.

Late in the 8th month, we sowed the piece in question, all in rye, the same day; the lower part is well set in rye, while only an occasionally plant appears on the upper part, and we are about to plow it up, and sow oats upon it.

SOW CORN.

The grass roots being much killed by the drought of the past season, the next hay crop must necessarily be light, and I hope that will urge the farmers, particularly, to sow corn bountifully for fodder, and so supply the deficiency.—Ohio Farmer.

Some persons take more pains in looking for pins than they would for stars.